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KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK

By their action in taking up the perquisites of the attorney general's office the legislature shows the intention of making good in an economical way. There is no more reason for allowing the attorney general to draw salary as mineral lands commissioner, amounting to \$2500 per annum, than there was to permit the lieutenant governor to pull down a handsome addition to the stated salary of his office for nominally acting as purchasing agent for the state police. The latter stipend was abolished two years ago when the legislature also made a determined effort to follow suit with the mineral land commissioner's fat perquisite attached to the attorney general's office. If an official service is rated at so much per annum it should be placed at a fixed figure and all other emoluments cut off. Hints of investigation in this quarter do not add luster to the administration of the job and the earnest hope of every conscientious taxpayer is that the truth will be shifted down so that the public may know exactly what they are paying for service. Allegations in connection with the inquiry to determine the basis of the pollution of the Truckee river by the paper mills situated at the headwaters of that beautiful stream indicate that a robust sum was spent without the state deriving any advantage from the outlay.

Then it appears that one assistant attorney general whom the last legislative body thought it was legislating off the boards has enjoyed a very lucrative practice in defiance of the lawmaking powers and through connivance of the numerous state commissions whose funds were diverted from their legitimate purpose to pay salary for work that properly should have been done by the attorney general's office without any extra appropriation. There is too much contempt shown for the wishes of the legislature as demonstrated in the office of the late superintendent of public instruction when deputies were retained after they had been informed that they were superfluous appendages to the state administration. Such a monstrous state of affairs could not exist without the knowledge and authority of the higher-ups whose utter disregard for public decency is manifested without any attempt at concealment. When an appropriation for any department of government is made it is the expressed mandate of the men who apportion state funds that such offices be conducted within the scope of the allowance. If the funds are not adequate to the proper conduct of the office then the onus rests with the legislature and no subterfuge or evasion should be tolerated.

OUTLOOK FOR TONOPAH

THE attention of every person interested in the welfare of Tonopah is directed to the clear cut statements of E. G. Wheeler, president of the Water Company of Tonopah which appeared in the Bonanza yesterday. Mr. Wheeler is carrying one of the largest investments in the camp, the future of which depends on the prosperity of Tonopah. He is not engaged in selling stock or promoting any new or untried enterprise and represents one of the pioneer capitalists who came to Tonopah when the camp was in its infancy and one whose prophetic vision led to the installation of a water system that has made life on the desert as comfortable as living in the land where streams flow eternally without paying tribute to the inhabitants. Mr. Wheeler has spent a week in Tonopah studying the local situation and his observations will serve to drive away pessimists who have been handing out hard luck stories ever since Jim Butler stuck a pick in the rugged sides of Mount Oddie. The observations were actuated primarily by a desire to learn what was the probable life of his investments, for all mining camps must have an end since every dollar extracted underground depreciates the assets of the community to that extent. Instead of finding his investments passing the peak of prosperity and on the decline, this keen industrial pioneer and able financier reached the deduction that the best days of the camp are in the future, that the ground has scarcely been scratched and that the mineralized area is destined to develop at a rate that demands a greater water supply to keep pace with requirements. While the domestic demands are relatively small compared with the consumption of mining interests Mr. Wheeler's company is about to undertake a comprehensive plan of development predicated on his conclusion that within three years Tonopah will have a population of over 8000 souls. This implies that the camp will almost double in that time owing to the increased tonnage of the mines, development of new areas, construction of mills furnishing new employment and the opening of adjacent territory following the enhancement in the value of silver and the insatiable demand for gold which is produced here as a by-product.

With a diminishing population there would not be any increase in the number of water consumers and, consequently, when Mr. Wheeler announces that his company will add to its facilities for developing and delivering water in Tonopah, he deals a solar plexus to those who have been crying out that the best days of the camp were in the past and that nothing but a dismal decline can ensue. This is practical optimism, an optimism reflected in the market showing rapid appreciation of local dividend payers which are being steadily and quietly absorbed by investment seekers.

Nevada has better work before it than passing resolutions on the proposed league of nations. The suggestion smacks strongly of partisan politics. Suppose we call a halt on all that sort of buncombe and get down to matters closer to our interests in the way of some strong project for development of home resources. The league of nations will take care of itself without the indorsement of Nevada but, unless something is done to promote production of farms and mines it will not help us in creating wealth.

The blockade of New York did not occur until after the war.—Springfield Republican.

Wanderings of Devil Dog or Doings of W. T. Cuddy

William T. Cuddy, of the U. S. marines has found time at last to write an interesting letter on his experiences since leaving Tonopah to join the "devil dogs." The letter is too long for one issue of the Bonanza and will be completed tomorrow. The letter follows:

Bordeaux, France, Nov. 26, 1918.

To my Friends at Home:

Knowing that some of my old friends in Nevada are probably wondering just where I am located and what I am doing, will give you a little dope on the situation.

I, personally, have covered some ground since leaving Nevada. Enlisted on May 8, 1917. Was sent to Mare Island directly opposite Vallejo, Cal. for training. Upon completion of training was shipped to San Diego, Cal. After a month in sunny California was ordered to Philadelphia; then by train to Cuba, where I spent eleven months on the sugar plantations in the mounted police. From Cuba sailed for Porto Rico, thence to San Domingo, an interval there and "up anchor" for Haiti. The German subs got on our trail as we started for the states and we beat it for Tampico, Mexico, where we annexed the gunboat Yorktown as a convoy and made Galveston, Texas, where we remained a week. From Galveston made Charleston, S. C., just outside of which I had my first touch of warfare. We were attacked by a sub about fifty miles out. We didn't get her but our convoy did. From Charleston we went to Norfolk, Va., and thence to Quantico, Va., the largest marine training camp, where they gave us a course in modern warfare. After taking a hard-boiled course in modern "bayonet work and lots of heavy hiking" I joined the "Hoodoo" 13th regiment, commanded by Colonel Butler, and embarked for the "land of the fleur de lis."

We landed at Brest, France, after an adventurous voyage across the pond; spent a tortuous month in pup tents; slept in mud, ate mud and led a muddy life in general. In fact, it was a common occurrence to wake up in the morning and find that your ablution had already been performed for the day. Inasmuch as you had lain with your head in a young river that had spouted during the night. One youthful "devil dog" made the brilliant remark that he was getting so accustomed to crawling in and out of his pup tent on his hands and knees that it was only by strong will power that he could restrain himself from galloping around on all fours and howling like a coyote. However, as said marine had a habit of looking in the wine when 'twas red, we naturally gave no credence to his assertion. Every dog has his day and all that sort of thing, ye know!

Did any of you Nevadans ever read about a car over here that has the following notation on the outside: "8 Chevaux 40 Hommes"? Translated this reads, "eight horses or forty men." Now at a glance this seems all right and one can see nothing wrong with it, but, "mon Dieu," when put into execution. The eight horses got by nicely, but when you crowd forty life-sized marines into one car with their heavy packs, accoutrements and rifles and expect them to live in comfort and union for two days and one night, complications arise.

"Every thing am lovely and de soose hangs high" for the first hour or so; the boys have had a good "chow" before leaving Brest; a few bottles of vin blanc, rouge and various other liquid refreshments have been discovered reposing quietly on the floor (of course left there by some former occupants). There are a few good sized knotholes and two small windows through which a fine French landscape is visible in ever shifting view. Some of the boys are occupied in composing chansons somewhat on this manner:

Oh! They're Minute Men of Uncle Sam;
They never ask or give a damn—
They're hard shelled cusses, hand to hand

First on land and first on sea—
United States Marines.

For as you probably know the pride of corps and organization runs stronger in the United States marine than in any branch of the service.

Not a home in the land but has felt the hand of the Hun in some manner; be it death of some loved one at the front, taxation or want.

A party of marines were dining in one of the little shops so common here and one of the party happened to notice that the maid never smiled or joked with the boys as is cus-

mary in the taverns of England and elsewhere on the continent. "Marie," he said, "why is it that you never smile but always look so grave and sad?" "Four years," she replied in her broken English, "we laugh, we smile, we dance. Happy all ze time Now!" and she finished her sentence with a shrug full of meaning and gathered the dishes and left the room. However, the incident mentioned above occurred over a month ago. At this writing France is again coming into her own and the vivacity, laughter and gaiety of the French so characteristic of them before the war is rapidly regaining place. And whenever you meet some old Frenchman clad in corduroy, his head graced by a rusty Tam o' Shanter and his feet with wooden shoes and he grabs his ancient headpiece off his grizzled locks and with an expressive gesture, yells "La guerre finit," you can bet your boots that there's one heart made light by Kaiser Bill's downfall and there are millions in "la belle France" today just like him.

At present some of our regiment is guarding the docks, others chasing German prisoners whom you would have to do combat with to make them quit work and go back to Germany, and some doing military police. The company of which I am an honorable member is assigned to military police. This is interesting work and much worth while. It consists of guarding all the public roads, arresting American citizens or soldiers who start rough-housing any of the little cafes or canteens; endeavoring to stop the French from selling "botled dynamite" (known to the unwary as cognac), and knocking drunks on the head and dragging them off to the guard house. We have a good-sized riot on an average of twice a week and you get as much action here as you would at the front. Some doughboy calls a marine a "damned leatherneck"; the marine gives him the response courteous, a sailor butts in and is told what he resembles, the on-lookers take sides and away we go. There are no spectators. Chairs, bottles and sundry other missiles begin to fly. Everybody registers action, even to the proprietor who stands on the side lines and yells for help. The marine on duty at this particular point blows his whistle and relief in the shape of a few squads of husky sea soldiers come up "on the

double" all "a rarin' to go." A few broken heads, black eyes, a little blood and the dove of peace settles again over a litter of glass cups of chairs, spilled wine and other debris. The main-events are hauled off for a breathing spell on the coal pile and thus it goes.

When there is nothing else to do we break out about 2 a. m. and raid a bunch of negro stevedores who are coming home after a shift on the docks. It's wonderful what those colored lads can get away with. We raided 400 the other night and confiscated twenty-two cartons of Camel cigarettes, twelve boxes of cigars, eight quarts of American whiskey (a luxury over here), a few hundred loose cigars and packages of cigarettes, sugar, candy, clothing, etc. It is estimated that goods stolen off the docks from the American storehouses amounts into thousands of dollars each month. These raids also have their amusing points. When you tell Friend Negro to throw up his hands, he brings them up with a flourish and invariably exclaims: "Ah, ah! got nothing, boss; ah wouldn't steal nuthin'." And after you extract a few boxes of cigars and cigarettes from him, he commends his breeches on your good naturedly and remarks: "Hell, no, you wouldn't take anything but the docks if you could carry them off;" then give him a kick where it does the most good and line him up with the other culprits, and return to the rest who are eagerly awaiting their turn to contribute.

(Continued tomorrow)

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